

New Stories of  
THE MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF

# WANG FOO

By SIDNEY C. PARTRIDGE

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## I.—The Green Sedan

"CHIAO LAI! CHIAO LAI!" shrieked the two forward coolies as they pushed the people right and left in the crowded streets of Kowloon. In many ways their burden on their shoulders. "Lai Lao! Lai Lao!" echoed back the two coolies at the rear as they struggled to keep pace with those in front. "Sedan coming! Sedan coming!" was the cry that opened up the way for the chair between the long lines of pedestrians like a wedge, and "It has come! It has come!" was the signal to close up the ranks again as the bearers hurried along. The multitude—always patient and pliable—were a little more ready than when they saw that the bearers were the blue jackets and red-tasseled hats of official servants and that the sedan-chair was covered with the green cloth of the mandarin and not with the ordinary blue of the civilian. They hurried along until they came to the canal that divided the Chinese city from the British Concession and turning sharply to the right reached the stone bridge of The Silver Cloud and passing over entered the Colony's dominions. Kowloon, opposite Hong Kong, better known in their own flowered tongue as "The Nine Dragons" that face the Fragrant Waters."

"Hia Chiao! Hia Chiao!" shrieked the forward crew. "Lower the Sedan! Lower the Sedan!" "Hia Lao! Hia Lao!" "It is lowered! It is lowered!" responded the rear guard, as the caravan came to a sudden halt and deposited their burden at the feet of Captain Brownlow of the Colonial Police and two English and Chinese deputies who were waiting to receive them. The officer who accompanied the chair and who had been riding closely behind it in his shaggy Mongolian pony with his string of jangling sleigh-bells, descended and bowing low to the foreigners drew forth from his voluminous sleeve a red leather wallet, and opening it handed the Captain a document covered with vermilion seals. The latter unfolded it and, with the assistance of his secretary-interpreter, read as follows:

"Yamen of the Northern Hien,  
District of Kowloon, Canton.  
13th day of the 8th moon.

To His Excellency,  
The Governor of Hong Kong, Greeting:  
—Acting under instructions from His Excellency the Taotai of this Circuit, we hereby hand over to your authority for the administration of justice, the person of one Ling Took accused of murder within the limits of the European Colony. The prisoner is being conveyed out of the Chinese boundaries in an official chair (instead of being chained as usual in an open basket), to prevent his escape, and to attempt at rescue on the part of his fellow-villagers, who are reported to be lurking in the vicinity.

With respect and compliments,

I am, sir,  
Wang Ching Tang,  
Magistrate of the District."

"Well, Macintosh," said the Captain, "it's done, then; the prisoner certainly is travelling in style this time, eh? Squatting in a mandarin's chair is a lot more comfortable than being hung to a bamboo pole with a bunch of rusty chains, mark my words."

"It surely is, sir," replied the deputy, "and it's mighty clever of them to smuggle him through the town that way, isn't it? If they'd just brought him through one of the regulars, he might never have reached us at all."

"We're here, Mandarins' heads when we take him out. I don't know whether they've got him safely ironed up inside there or not and, you know, they're as slippery as eels and we can't afford to lose him now."

"Right you are, sir."

"Here, Ching," turning to the interpreter, "just ask our friend the cavalry-ride if he's got him securely fastened inside the chair."

Ching turned to the officer and rattled off enough words—according to Brownlow—about fifteen times in any other tongue and the officer on his part rattled back about the same quantity of expletives, accompanied by the most expressive and emphatic gestures.

"He's all right, sir," said Ching, "he's ironed hand and foot and locked to the back of the chair. He can't move an inch."

"Who's got the key?"

"The coolies have the key, sir, and we'll take him right out now."

"All right, open the sedan, up, then."

They started to unhook the heavy front curtains, which completely concealed the personage within, when they were interrupted by the clattering of the chair-bearers for wine-money. "Yeng Lao Yen! Yeng Lao Yen! Ching Chia Chien!" they cried, bowing and scraping and extending their palms into the very faces of the officers: "Ocean Mandarin! Ocean Mandarin! Please grant the wine-tip."

## Sandy Bend Justice

JEN Judge Hoke's Court at Sandy Bend opened His Honor said sandy his pipe and said:

"I have got to go over the story again. Sandy Bend had been for twenty years a wicked town. It was growing more so all the time, and Satan was chuckling to himself, saw it all but was helpless to mend matters. When I spoke to you about your wickedness, you said I kept the Red Dog Saloon, and a race-horse, and a fighting dog, and I played poker with the rest of you. This was all very true, but, at the same time, I knew that we was too wicked."

"A week ago Parson Jack Norton came along, and took a walk through our town and saw the wickedness himself. One of his boys took him for a wanderfoot, and were going to shoot the heels out of his shoes but they saw something in his eyes

which made them put up their guns without any shootin'. Parson Norton is a very sensible man, but he ain't going to allow us to get away with his heels for the fun of the thing."

"We had talk in the back room of the Red Dog Saloon. The Parson said he would do so and so if we would do so and so. He said that if we kept on with our wickedness we would surely meet the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. I did not want to see you all destroyed, and I did not want to destroy myself. I went around among you, and by the soft talk and the Parson's meeting house, to build the Parson's meeting house. It is not a thing of beauty, outside or in, but it answers the purpose. When the Parson was ready to open it I ordered you all to be there. Most of you came, but you came with your hats on your ears, and a lighted cigar in your

mouths and two guns in your belt. You acted as if you thought we was going to open a circus or a new dance hall. We never had a day I had you in court and fined you."

"On the next Sunday you came without your guns, but you smiled and winked at each other all through the sermon. A meetin' house with a sermon goin' on is no place for winkin'. The devil must of put you up to it. The next day I had the winkers in court, and, again, it was a fine."

"I thought this would stop the work and give religion a boost, but I was mistaken. On the third Sunday, when Parson Norton gave the Gospel Hymn singing, all joined in. You seemed to be prayin' to yourselves. Then the Parson was ready to open it I ordered you all to be there. Most of you came, but you came with your hats on your ears, and a lighted cigar in your

mouths and two guns in your belt. That prayer meetin' with two poker decks in your hind pockets, and you stood up and said you was going to live the life of an angel hereafter. You went right from that meetin' and sat in a poker game and won ninety dollars. I want fifty dollars of that."

"Is that the tax for going to prayer meetin'?" asked Injun Jim.

"No impudence, Jim, or I will double the fine!" After this leave your poker decks at home when you come to prayer meetin', and let the good influence last you at least half an hour after you get outside of the buildin'."

"Rocky Mountain Joe, you also did some speakin' at that meetin'. You said you had killed five men and a number of Injuns, and you would kill more. You further said that, while you might play poker once in awhile, you were not going to play it to win enough when the church needed the money. Joe, you are a sham. You don't ring true. You lied when you said you had shot five men—died right there in prayer meetin'. Your fine will

be \$30.

"Big Ben, stand up. You stood up and wiped your eyes as if there were tears in them. You said you had a dear old mother in the East, and though you was a wicked man, you had not forgot all her teachings. She was wonderin' where her boy is to go, and hoped he would be dead, that he had gone to Heaven. Here he was weighin' almost half a ton, and living in the midst of wickedness. You felt humble when you thought of it. Two hours after prayer meetin' was out you was whoopin' through Sandy Bend with gun in either hand. All that you said in the meetin' was put on. It is a fine of fifty dollars, and don't you play the same game agin."

"Judge Baker, you stand up! They call you 'Judge' because you are a good judge of whisky. You are a good and honest man, and keep the company of bad men. You would like to be known as a Bad Man yourself, but you have the energy. When you were knockin' down I saw you take a chaw of plug tobacco and counting some change you had in your pocket. You wasn't thinking of Heavenly things at all. I think a fine of twenty dollars will about fill your case."

"Queen of the Air, stand up! You belong to a concert hall. You came to that prayer meetin' out of curiosity. You came to see if it was anything out of the common performance and you hadn't thought of Heaven or your soul's salvation. I saw you wink at Dancin' Frank and caught you laughin' several times. Your curiosity will cost you twenty-five dollars."

"Now, my frens, this prayer meetin' is goin' to be a go. You can take it from me that it is. I won't sayin' that you have to turn out every Thursday night, but you had better show up there purty often or there will be trouble. We are still goin' to continue to be a wicked town, but we are going to be good enough to keep the cashboxers and valentines away. This town is not disjoined, and you had best go out and think some thinks, and come to a happy conclusion."

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